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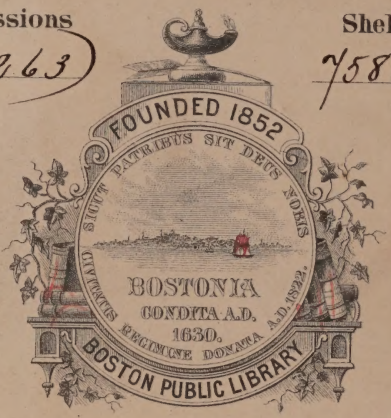

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SPEECHES

BEFORE THE

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

JANUARY, 1852.

BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT F. WALLCUT,
NO. 21 CORNHILL.
1852.

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SPEECH

AT THE MELODEON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 28.

[PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.]

MR. PRESIDENT: — I have been thinking, while sitting here, of the different situations of the Anti-Slavery cause now and one year ago, when the last anniversary of this Society was held. To some, it may seem that we had more sources of interest and of public excitement on that occasion than we have now. We had with us, during a portion, at least, of that session, the eloquent advocate of our cause on the other side of the water. We had the local excitement and the deep interest which the first horror of the Fugitive Slave Bill had aroused. We had, I believe, in our midst, some Fugitives, just arrived from the house of bondage. It may seem to many that, meeting as we do to-day robbed of all these, we must be content with a session more monotonous and less effectual in arousing the community. But, when we look over the whole land; when we look back upon the scenes which have transpired in our own Commonwealth, at Christiana, at Syracuse; at the passage through the country of the great Hungarian; at the present state of the public mind, it seems to me that no year, during the existence of the Society, has presented more encouraging aspects to the Abolitionists. The views which our friend (PARKER PILLSBURY) has just presented are those upon which, in our most sober calculation, we ought to rely. Give us time, and, as he has said, talk is all-powerful. We are apt to feel ourselves overshadowed in the presence of colossal institutions. We are apt, in coming up to a meeting of this kind, to ask what a few hundred or a few thousand persons can do against the weight of government, the mountainous odds of majorities, the influence of the press, the power of the pulpit, the organization of parties, the omnipotence of wealth. At times, to carry a favorite purpose, leading statesmen have endeavored to cajole the people into the idea that this age was like the past, and that a "rub-a-dub Agitation," as ours is contemptuously styled, was only to be despised. The time

has been when, as our friend observed, from the steps of the Revere House — yes, and from the depots of New York railroads — Mr. Webster has described this Anti-Slavery Movement as a succession of lectures in school houses — the mere efforts of a few hundred men and women to talk together, excite each other, arouse the public, and its only result a little noise. He knew better. He knew better the times in which he lived. No matter where you meet a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea — wherever you have met them, you have met the beginning of a Revolution. Revolutions are not made, they come. A Revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back. The child feels; he grows into a man, and thinks; another, perhaps, speaks, and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society. Men undervalue the Anti-Slavery Movement, because they imagine you can always put your finger on some illustrious moment in history and say, here commenced the great change which has come over the nation. Not so. The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells on broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of a mighty Republic, fills the Gulf, and divides a Continent.

I remember a story of Napoleon that illustrates my meaning. We are apt to trace his control of France to some noted victory, to the time when he camped in the Tuilleries, or when he dissolved the Assembly by the stamp of his foot. He reigned in fact when his hand was first felt on the helm of the vessel of state, and that was far back of the time when he had conquered in Italy, or his name had been echoed over two Continents. It was on the day when five hundred irresolute men were met in that Assembly which called itself, and pretended to be, the government of France. They heard that the mob of Paris was coming the next morning, thirty thousand strong, to turn them, as was usual in those days, out of doors. And where did this seemingly great power go for its support and refuge? They sent Tallien to seek out a boy lieutenant, — the shadow of an officer, — so thin and pallid that when he was placed on the stand before them, the President of the Assembly, fearful, if the fate of France rested on the shrunken form, the ashy cheek before him, that all hope was gone, asked — "Young man, can you protect the Assembly?" And the ashen lips of the Corsican boy parted only to reply — "I always do what I undertake." Then and there Napoleon ascended his throne; and the next day, from the steps of St. Roche, thundered forth the cannon which taught the mob of Paris, for the first time, that it had a master. That was the commencement of the Empire. So the Anti-Slavery Movement commenced unheeded in that "obscure hole" which Mayor Otis could not find, occupied by a printer and a black boy.

In working these great changes, in such an age as ours, the so-called statesman has far less influence than the many little men who, at various points, are silently maturing a regeneration of public opinion. This is a reading and thinking age, and great interests at stake quicken the general intellect. Stagnant times have been when a great mind, anchored in error, might snag the slow-moving current of society. Such is not our era. Noth-

ing but Freedom, Justice and Truth is of any permanent advantage to the mass of mankind. To these society, left to itself, is always tending. In our day, great questions about them have called forth all the energies of the common mind. Error suffers sad treatment in the shock of eager intellects. "Everybody," said Talleyrand, "is cleverer than anybody;" and any name, however illustrious, which links itself to abuses, is sure to be overwhelmed by the impetuous current of that society which, (thanks to the press and a reading public,) is potent, always, to clear its own channel. Thanks to the Printing Press, the people now do their own thinking, and statesmen, as they are styled — men in office — have ceased to be either the leaders or the clogs of society.

This view is one that Mr. WEBSTER ridiculed in the depots of New York. The time has come when he is obliged to change his tone; when he is obliged to retrace his steps — to acknowledge the nature and the character of the age in which he lives. KOSSUTH comes to this country — penniless, and an exile; conquered on his own soil; flung out as a weed upon the waters; nothing but his voice left — and the Secretary of State must meet him. Now, let us see what he says of his "rub-a-dub Agitation," which consists of the voice only — of the tongue, which our friend PILLSBURY has described. This is that "tongue" which the impudent statesman declared, from the drunken steps of the Revere House, ought to be silenced — this tongue, which was a "rub-a-dub Agitation" to be despised, when he spoke to the farmers of New York.

He says — "We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence." Who is? Nobody but a Revere House statesman. "We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence, and the influence of public opinion, and the influence of the principles to which great men — the lights of the world and of the present age — have given their sanction. Who doubts, that in our struggle for liberty and independence, the majestic eloquence of CHATHAM, the profound reasoning of BURKE, the burning satire and irony of Col. BARRE, had influences upon our fortunes here in America? They had influences both ways. They tended, in the first place, somewhat to diminish the confidence of the British ministry in their hopes of success, in attempting to subjugate an injured people. They had influence another way, because all along the coasts of the country — and all our people in that day lived upon the coast — there was not a reading man who did not feel stronger, bolder, and more determined in the assertion of his rights, when these exhilarating accents from the two Houses of Parliament reached him from beyond the seas."

"I thank thee, Jew!" This "rub-a-dub Agitation," then, has influence both ways. It diminishes the confidence of the Administration in its power to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, which it has imposed so insolently on the people. It acts on the *reading men* of the nation, and in that single fact is the whole story of the change. Wherever you have a reading people, there every tongue, every press is a power. Mr. WEBSTER, when he ridiculed in New York the Agitation of the Anti-Slavery body, supposed he was living in the old feudal times, when a statesman was an integral element

in the State, an essential power in himself. He must have supposed himself speaking in those ages when a great man outweighed the masses. He finds now that he is living much later, in an age when the accumulated common sense of the people outweighs the greatest statesman or the most influential individual. Let me illustrate the difference of our times and the past in this matter, by their difference in another respect. The time has been when men cased in iron from head to foot, and disciplined by long years of careful instruction, went to battle. Those were the days of nobles and knights; and in such times, ten knights, clad in steel, feared not a whole field of unarmed peasantry, and a hundred men at arms have conquered thousands of the common people, or held them at bay. Those were the times when WINKELRIED, the Swiss patriot, led his host against the Austrian phalanx, and, finding it impenetrable to the thousands of Swiss who threw themselves on the serried lances, gathered a dozen in his arms, and drawing them together, made thus an inlet into the close set ranks of the Austrians, and they were overborne by the actual mass of numbers. Gunpowder came, and then, any finger that could pull a trigger was equal to the highest born and the best disciplined; knightly armor, and horses clad in steel, went to the ground before the courage and strength that dwelt in the arm of the peasant, as well as that of the prince. What gunpowder did for war, the printing press has done for the mind, and the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of education, but every reading man is his judge. Every thoughtful man, the country through, that makes up an opinion, is his jury, to which he answers, and the tribunal to which he must bow. Mr. WEBSTER, therefore, does not overrate the power of this "rub-a-dub Agitation," which KOSSUTH has now adopted, "stealing our thunder." (Laughter and applause.) He does not overrate the power of this "rub-a-dub Agitation," when he says — "Another great mistake, gentlemen, is sometimes made. [Yes, in Bowdoin Square!] We think nothing powerful enough to stand before despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough; and if properly exerted, it will prove itself so; and that is, the power of intelligent public opinion." "I thank the, Jew!" That opinion is formed, not only in Congress, or on Hotel steps; it is made also in the school houses, in the town houses, at the hearth stones, in the railroad cars, on board the steamboats, in the social circle, in these Anti-Slavery gatherings which he despises. Mark you: *There is nothing powerful enough to stand before it!* It may be an almost divine institution; it may be the bank vaults of New England; it may be the mining interests of Pennsylvania; it may be the Harwich fishermen, whom he told to stand by the Union, because its bunting protected their decks; it may be the factory operative, whom he told to uphold the Union, because it made his cloth sell for half per cent. more a yard; it may be a parchment Constitution, or even a Fugitive Slave Bill signed by MILLARD FILLMORE!!! — no matter, all are dust on the threshing floor of a reading public, once roused to indignation. Remember this, when you would look down upon a meeting of a few hundreds in the one scale, and the fanatic violence of State Street in the other, that there is NOTHING, DANIEL WEBSTER being witness, strong enough to stand against public

opinion, — and if the tongue and the press are not parents of that, what is?

Napoleon said, "I fear three newspapers more than a hundred thousand bayonets." Mr. WEBSTER now is of the same opinion. "There is not a monarch on earth," he says, "whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people." "I thank thee, Jew!" We have been told often, that it was nothing but a morbid sentiment that was opposed to the Fugitive Slave Bill, — it was a sentiment of morbid philanthropy. Grant it all. But take care, Mr. Statesman; cure or change it in time, else it will beat all your dead institutions to dust. Hearts and sentiments are alive, and we all know that the gentlest of nature's growths will, in time, burst asunder or wear away the proudest dead-weight man can heap upon them. If this be the power of the gentlest growth, let the stoutest heart tremble before the tornado of a people roused to terrible vengeance by the sight of long years of cowardly and merciless oppression, and oft-repeated instances of selfish and calculating apostacy. You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains, if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down. "There is no monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people." What is this but a recantation? doing penance for the impudence uttered in Bowdoin Square? Surely this is the white sheet and lighted torch which the Scotch church imposed as penance on its erring members. Who would imagine, that the same man who said of the public discussion of the Slavery question that it must be put down, could have dictated this sentiment — "It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion, so far as we form it, have free course?" What, then, is that echo that we heard from Bowdoin Square a year ago? "This agitation must be put down." "It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion have free course." Behold the great doughface cringing before the calm eye of KOSSUTH, who had nothing but "rub-a-dub agitation" with which to rescue Hungary from the bloody talons of the Austrian eagle!

This is statesmanship! The statesmanship that says to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to-day, "smother those prejudices," and to-morrow, "there is no throne on the broad earth strong enough to stand up against the sentiment of justice." What is that but the "prejudices" of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against man-hunting? And this is the man before whom the press and the pulpit of the country would have had the Abolitionists bow their heads, and lay their mouths in the dust, instead of holding fast to the eternal principles of justice and right!

It would be idle, to be sure, to base any argument on an opinion of Mr. WEBSTER's. Like the chameleon he takes his hue, on these subjects, from the air he breathes. He has his "October Sun" opinions and his Faneuil Hall opinions. But the recantation here is at least noticeable; and his testimony to the power of the masses is more valuable as coming from an unwilling witness. The best of us are conscious of being, at times, somewhat awed by the colossal institutions about us, which seem to be opposing our

progress. There are those who occasionally weary of this moral suasion, and sigh for something tangible; some power that they can feel, and see its operation. The advancing tide you cannot mark. The gem forms unseen. The granite increases and crumbles, and you can hardly mark either process. The great change in a nation's opinion is the same. We stand here to-day, and if we look back twenty years, we can see a change in public opinion; yes, we can see a great change. Then the great statesmen had pledged themselves not to talk on this subject. They have been made to talk. These hounds have been whipped into the traces of the nation's car, not by *three* newspapers, which Napoleon dreaded, but by *one*. (Cheers.) The great parties of the country have been broken to pieces and crumbled. The great sects have been broken to pieces. Suppose you cannot put your finger upon an individual fact; still, in the great result, you see what WEBSTER tells us in this speech — "Depend upon it, gentlemen, that between these two rival powers, the autocratic power, maintained by arms and force, and the popular power, maintained by opinion, the former is constantly decreasing; and, thank God, the latter is constantly increasing. Real human liberty is gaining the ascendant; — [he must feel sad at that!] — and the part which we have to act in all this great drama is to show ourselves in favor of those rights; to uphold our ascendancy, and to carry it on, until we shall see it culminate in the highest heaven over our heads."

Now I look upon this speech as the most remarkable Mr. WEBSTER has ever made on the Anti-Slavery agitation to which we are devoted — as a most remarkable confession, under the circumstances. I read it here and to you, because, in the circle I see around me, the larger proportion are Abolitionists — men attached to the movement which this meeting represents — men whose thoughts are occasionally occupied with the causes and with the effects of its real progress. I would force from the reluctant lips of the Secretary of State, his testimony to the real power of the masses. I said that the day was, before gunpowder, when the noble, clad in steel, was a match for a thousand. Gunpowder levelled peasant and prince. The printing press has done the same. In the midst of thinking people, in the long run, there are no great men. The accumulated intellect of the masses is greater than the heaviest brain God ever gave to a single man. WEBSTER, though he may gather into his own person the confidence of parties, and the attachment of thousands throughout the country, is but a feather's weight in the balance against the average of public sentiment on the subject of Slavery. A newspaper paragraph, a county meeting, a gathering for conversation, a change in the character of a dozen individuals, these are the several fountains and sources of public opinion. And, friends, when we gather, month after month, at such meetings as these, we should encourage ourselves with considerations of this kind: — that we live in an age of democratic equality; — that, for a moment, a party may stand against the age, but, in the end, it goes by the board; — that the man who launches a sound argument, who sets on two feet a startling fact, and bids it travel from Maine to Georgia, is just as certain that in the end he will change the government, as if, to destroy the Capitol, he had placed gunpowder under the Senate Chamber.

Natural philosophers tell us, that if you will only multiply the simplest force into enough time, it will equal the greatest. So it is with the slow intellectual movement of the masses. It can scarcely be seen, but it is a constant movement; it is the shadow on the dial, never still though never seen to move; it is the tide, it is the ocean, gaining on the proudest and strongest bulwarks that human art or strength can build. It may be defied for a moment, but, in the end, Nature always triumphs. So the race, if it cannot drag a WEBSTER along with it, leaves him behind and forgets him. (Loud cheers.) The race is rich enough to afford to do without the greatest intellects God ever let the devil buy. Stranded along the past, there are a great many dried mummies of dead intellects, which the race found too heavy to drag forward.

I hail the almighty power of the tongue. I swear allegiance to the omnipotence of the press. The people never err. "*Vox populi, vox Dei*" — the voice of the people is the voice of God. I do not mean this of any single verdict which the people of to-day may record. In time, the selfishness of one class neutralizes the selfishness of another. The interests of one age clash against the interests of another: but, in the great result, the race always means right. The people always mean right, and, in the end, they will have the right. I believe in the twenty millions — not the twenty millions that live now, necessarily — to arrange this question of Slavery, which priests and politicians have sought to keep out of sight. They have kept it locked up in the Senate chamber, they have hidden it behind the communion table, they have appealed to the superstitious and idolatrous veneration for the State and the Union to avoid this question, and so have kept it from the influence of the great democratic tendencies of the masses. But change all this, drag it from its concealment, and give it to the people; launch it on the age, and all is safe. It will find a safe harbor. A man is always selfish enough for himself. The soldier will be selfish enough for himself; the merchant will be selfish enough for himself; yes, he will be willing to go to hell to secure his own fortune, but he will not be ready to go there to make the fortune of his neighbor. No man ever yet was willing to sacrifice his own character for the benefit of his neighbor; and whenever we shall be able to show this nation that the interests of a class, not of the whole, the interests of a portion of the country, not of the masses, are subserved by holding our fellow-men in bondage, then we shall spike the guns of the enemy, or get their artillery on our side.

I want you to turn your eyes from institutions to men. The difficulty of the present day and with us is, we are bullied by institutions. A man gets up in the pulpit, or sits on the bench, and we allow ourselves to be bullied by the judge or the clergyman, when, if he stood side by side with us, on the brick pavement, as a simple individual, his ideas would not have disturbed our clear thoughts an hour. Now, the duty of each Anti-Slavery man is simply this — Stand on the pedestal of your own individual independence, summon these institutions about you, and judge them. The question is deep enough to require this judgment of you. This is what the cause asks of you, my friends; and the moment you shall be willing to do

this, to rely upon yourselves, that moment the truths I have read from the lips of one whom the country regards as its greatest statesman, will shine over your path, assuring you that out of this agitation, as certain as the sun at noon-day, the future character of the American government will be formed.

If we lived in England, if we lived in France, the philosophy of our movement might be different, for there stand accumulated wealth, hungry churches, and old nobles — a class which popular agitation but slowly affects. To these, public opinion is obliged to bow. We have seen, for instance, the agitation of 1848 in Europe, deep as it was, seemingly triumphant as it was for six months, retire, beaten, before the undisturbed foundations of the governments of the continent. You recollect, no doubt, the tide of popular enthusiasm which rolled from the Bay of Biscay to the very feet of the Czar, and it seemed as if Europe was melted into one Republic. Men thought the new generation had indeed come. We waited twelve months, and the turrets and towers of old institutions — the church, law, nobility, government — reappeared above the subsiding wave. Now, there are no such institutions here. No law that can abide one moment when popular opinion demands its abrogation. The government is wrecked the moment the newspapers decree it. The penny papers of this State, in the Sims case, did more to dictate the decision of Chief Justice Shaw, than the Legislature that sat in the State House, or the Statute Book of Massachusetts. I mean what I say. The penny papers of New York do more to govern this country than the White House at Washington. Mr. Webster says we live under a government of laws. He was never more mistaken, even when he thought the Anti-Slavery agitation could be stopped. We live under a government of men — and morning newspapers. (Applause.) Bennett and Horace Greeley are more really Presidents of the United States than Millard Fillmore. Daniel Webster himself cannot even get a nomination. Why? Because, long ago, the ebbing tide of public opinion left him a wreck, stranded on the side of the popular current.

We live under a government of men. The Constitution is nothing in South Carolina, but the black law is everything. The law that says the colored man shall sit in the jury box in the city of Boston is nothing. Why? Because the Mayor and Aldermen, and the Selectmen of Boston, for the last fifty years, have been such slaves of colorphobia, that they did not choose to execute this law of the Commonwealth. I might go through the Statute Book, and show you the same result. Now, if this be true against us, it is true for us. Remember, that the penny papers may be starved into Anti-Slavery, whenever we shall put behind them an Anti-Slavery public sentiment. Wilberforce and Clarkson had to vanquish the moneyed power of England, the West India interest, and overawe the peerage of Great Britain, before they conquered. The settled purpose of the great middle class had to wait till all this was accomplished. The moment we have the control of public opinion, — the women and the children, the school houses, the school books, the literature, and the newspapers, — that moment we have settled the question.

Men blame us for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it, through the hides of their idols. When you have launched your spear into the rhinoceros hide of a WEBSTER or a BENTON, every Whig and Democrat feels it. It is on this principle that every reform must take for its text, the mistakes of great men. God gives us great scoundrels for texts to Anti-Slavery sermons. See to it, when Nature has provided you a monster like WEBSTER, that you exhibit him, — himself a whole managerie, — throughout the country. (Great cheering.) It is not often, in the wide world's history, that you see a man so lavishly gifted by nature, and called, in the concurrence of events, to a position like that which he occupied on the seventh of March, surrender his great power, and quench the high hopes of his race. No man, since the age of Luther, has ever held in his single hand, so palpably, the destinies and character of a mighty people. He stood like the Hebrew prophet betwixt the living and the dead. He had but to have upheld the cross of common truth and honesty, and the black dishonor of two hundred years would have been effaced forever. He bowed his vassal head to the temptations of the flesh and of lucre. He gave himself up into the lap of the Delilah of Slavery, for the mere promise of a nomination, and the greatest hour of the age was bartered away, — not for a mess of pottage, but for the *promise* of a mess of pottage, — a promise, thank God, which is to be broken! (Enthusiastic applause.) I say, it is not often that Providence permits the eyes of twenty millions of thinking people to behold the fall of another Lucifer, from the very battlements of Heaven, down into that "lower deep of the lowest deep" of hell. (Great sensation.) On such a text, how effective should be the sermon!

Let us see to it, that, in spite of the tenderness of American prejudice, in spite of the morbid charity that would have us hold up the sin, but drop the sinner, in spite of this effeminate Christianity, that would let millions pine, lest one man's feelings be injured; let us see to it, friends, that we be "harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice;" remembering always that every single man set against this evil may be another Moses, every single thought you launch may be the thunders of another Napoleon from the steps of another St. Roche; remembering that we live not in an age of individual despotism, when a Charles the Fifth could set up or put down the Slave Trade, but surrounded by twenty millions, whose opinion is omnipotent — that the hundred gathered in a New England school house may be the hundred who shall teach the rising men of the other half of the continent, and stereotype Freedom on the banks of the Pacific; remembering and worshipping reverentially the great American idea of the omnipotence of "thinking men," of the "sentiment of justice," against which no throne is potent enough to stand, no Constitution sacred enough to endure. Remember this, when you go to an Anti-Slavery gathering in a school house, and know that, weighed against its solemn purpose, its terrible resolution, its earnest thought, WEBSTER himself, and all huckstering statesmen, in the opposite scale, shall kick the beam. Worshipping the tongue, let us be

willing, at all times, to be known throughout the community as the all-talk party. The age of bullets is over. The age of men armed in mail is over. The age of thrones has gone by. The age of statesmen — God be praised! *such* statesmen — is over. The age of thinking men has come. With the aid of God, then, every man I can reach, I will set *thinking* on the subject of Slavery. (Cheers.) The age of reading men has come. I will try to imbue every newspaper with Garrisonianism. (Loud applause.) The age of the masses has come. Now, DANIEL WEBSTER counts one — Give him joy of it! — but the "rub-a-dub Agitation" counts at least twenty — nineteen better. Nineteen, whom no chance of nomination tempts to a change of opinions once a twelvemonth; who need no Kossuth advent to recall them to their senses.

What I want to impress you with is, the great weight that is attached to the opinion of everything that can call itself a man. Give me anything that walks erect, and can read, and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord's sacramental host, that is yet to come up and trample all oppression in the dust. The weeds poured forth in nature's lavish luxuriance, give them but time, and their tiny roots shall rend asunder the foundations of palaces, and crumble the Pyramids to the earth. We may be weeds in comparison with these marked men; but in the lavish luxuriance of that nature which has at least allowed us to be "thinking, reading men," I learn, WEBSTER being my witness, that there is no throne potent enough to stand against us. It is morbid enthusiasm this that I have — Grant it. But they tell us that this heart of mine, which beats so unintermittedly in the bosom, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a man's life. Your Capitol, DANIEL WEBSTER, is marble, but the pulse of every humane man is beating against it. God will give us time, and the pulses of men shall beat it down. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.) Take the mines — take the Harwich fishing skiffs — take the Lowell mills — take all the coin and the cotton — thank God, the day must be ours, for the hearts — the hearts, are on our side!

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice. A crazy sentimentalism like that of Peter the Hermit hurled half of Europe upon Asia, and changed the destinies of kingdoms. We may be crazy. Would to God he would make us all crazy enough to forget for one moment the cold deductions of intellect, and let these hearts of ours beat, beat, beat, under the promptings of a common humanity. They have put wickedness into the statute book, and destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the Capitol. That is my faith. That it is which turns my eye from the ten thousand newspapers, from the forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of Whigs, from the millions of Democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent — turns it back to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that is heard against bad laws. I recognize in it the great future, the first rumblings of that volcano destined to overthrow these mighty preparations, and bury in the hot lava of its full excitement all this laughing prosperity that now rests so secure on its side.

All hail, Public Opinion! To be sure, it is a dangerous thing under which to live. It rules to-day in the desire to obey all kinds of laws, and takes your life. It rules again in the love of liberty, and rescues SHADRACH from Boston Court House. It rules to-morrow in the manhood of him who loads the musket to shoot down, — God be praised! — the man hunter, GORSUCH. (Applause.) It rules in Syracuse, and the Slave escapes to Canada. It is our interest to educate this people in humanity, and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individual that makes up our numbers. Each man here, in fact, holds his property and his life dependent on the constant presence of an Agitation like this of Anti-Slavery. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty — power is ever stealing from the many to the few. The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. The living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. The hand entrusted with power becomes, either from human depravity or *esprit du corps*, the necessary enemy of the people. Only by continual oversight can the democrat in office be prevented from hardening into a despot: only by unintermitted Agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity. All clouds, it is said, have sunshine behind them, and all evils have some good result; so Slavery, by the necessity of its abolition, has saved the freedom of the white race from being melted in the luxury or buried beneath the gold of its own success. Never look, therefore, for an age when the people can be quiet and safe. At such times Despotism, like a shrouding mist, steals over the mirror of Freedom. The Dutch, a thousand years ago, built against the ocean their bulwarks of willow and mud. Do they trust to that? No. Each year the patient, industrious peasant gives so much time from the cultivation of his soil and the care of his children, to stop the breaks and replace the willow which insects have eaten, that he may keep the land his fathers rescued from the water, and bid defiance to the waves that roar above his head, as if demanding back the broad fields man has stolen from their realm.

Some men suppose that, in order to the people's governing themselves, it is only necessary, as FISHER AMES said, that the "Rights of Man be printed, and that every citizen have a copy." As the Epicureans, two thousand years ago, imagined God a being who arranged this marvellous machinery, set it going, and then sunk to sleep. Republics exist only on the tenure of being constantly agitated. The Anti-Slavery Agitation is an important, nay, an essential part of the machinery of the State. It is not a disease nor a medicine. No; it is the normal state — the normal state of the Nation. Never, to our latest posterity, can we afford to do without prophets, like GARRISON, to stir up the monotony of wealth, and re-awake the people to the great ideas that are constantly fading out of their minds, to trouble the waters that there may be health in their flow. Every government is always growing corrupt. Every Secretary of State is, by the very necessity of his position, an apostate. (Hisses and cheers.) I mean what I say. He is an enemy to the people, of necessity, because the moment he joins the government, he gravitates against that popular Agitation which is

the life of a Republic. A Republic is nothing but a constant overflow of lava. The principles of JEFFERSON are not up to the principles of to-day. It was well said of WEBSTER, that he knows well the HANCOCK and ADAMS of 1776, but he does not know the HANCOCKS and ADAMSES of to-day. The Republic that sinks to sleep, trusting to constitutions and machinery, to politicians and statesmen for the safety of its liberties, never will have any. The people are to be waked to a new effort, just as the Church has to be regenerated, in each age. The Anti-Slavery Agitation is a necessity of each age, to keep ever on the alert this faithful vigilance so constantly in danger of sleep. We must live like our Puritan fathers, who always went to Church, and sat down to dinner, when the Indians were in their neighborhood, with their musket-lock on the one side and a drawn sword on the other.

If I had time or voice to-night, I might proceed to a further development of this idea, and I trust I could make it clear, which I fear I have not yet done. To my conviction, it is Gospel truth, that, instead of the Anti-Slavery Agitation being an evil, or even the unwelcome cure of a disease in this government, the youngest child that lives may lay his hand on the youngest child that his gray hairs may see, and say, "The Agitation was commenced when the Declaration of Independence was signed; it took its second tide when the Anti-Slavery Declaration was signed in 1833; a movement, not the cure but the diet of a free people; not the homœopathic or the allopathic dose, to which a sick land has recourse, but the daily cold water and the simple bread—the daily diet and absolute necessity—the manna of a people wandering in the wilderness." There is no Canaan in politics. As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust. "In distrust," said Demosthenes, "are the nerves of the mind." Let us see to it that these sentinel nerves are ever on the alert. If the Alps, piled in cold and still sublimity, be the emblem of Despotism, the ever restless Ocean is ours, which, girt within the eternal laws of Gravitation, is pure only because never still. (Long continued applause.)

SPEECH

AT FANEUIL HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30.

[PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.]

MR. PRESIDENT: — I do not feel disposed to talk about Colonization to-night, and I am glad to think that, after the remarks already submitted to us, it is unnecessary anything more should be said on that topic. I mean, the colonization of black men to Africa. I have been *colonized* myself from this Hall for some time; and in getting here again, I prefer to go back to the old note, and try to get the "hang of this school house." (Laughter.) You know Baron Munchausen says, in one of his marvellous stories, that it was so cold one day in Russia, when he began to play a tune on his trumpet, that half of it froze in the instrument before it could get out; and a few months afterwards, he was startled, in Italy, to hear, of a sudden, the rest of the tune come pealing forth. We were somewhat frozen up a while ago in this Hall, with GEORGE THOMPSON on the platform; now we want the rest of the tune. (Laughter and cheers.)

The *Mail* of this morning says that we have no right to this Hall, because it was refused to the greatest statesman of the land — to DANIEL WEBSTER. I believe this is a mistake. The Mayor and Aldermen went to him, metaphorically, on their knees, and entreated the great man to make use of the old walls. It was the first time Faneuil Hall ever begged anybody to enter it; but DANIEL was pettish, and would not come. Very proper in him, too; it is not the place in which to defend the Fugitive Slave Bill. He did right when he refused to come. Who built these walls? PETER FANEUIL'S ancestors were themselves fugitives from an edict *almost* as cruel as the Fugitive Slave Law; and only he whose soul and body refuse to crouch beneath inhuman legislation, has a right to be heard here — nobody else. (Cheers.) A Huguenot built this Hall, who was not permitted to live on the soil of his own beautiful France, and it may naturally be supposed, that he dedicated it to the most ultra, outside idea of liberty. It is a place for the running Slave to find a shelter — not for a recreant Statesman! (Deafening cheers.)

This Hall has never been made ridiculous but once; never was made the laughing-stock of New England but once. That was about nine months ago, when the "Sims brigade" were left soundly asleep here, in the gray of the morning, while the awkward squad of Marshal Tukey stole down State Street with Thomas Sims, not deigning to ask their permission or their aid, and leaving them to find out the next morning, that the great deed had been done, without their so much as "hearing a noise." Soldiers asleep in Faneuil Hall, while mischief was doing so near as State street? O, what gallant soldiers they must have been. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

Times have changed since we were here before. The last time I stood on this platform, there sat beside me a heroine worthy to sit in the hall of the old Huguenot — one Elizabeth Blakeley, a mulatto girl, of Wilmington, N. C., who, loving freedom more than Slavery, concealed herself on board a Boston brig, in the little narrow passage between the side of the vessel and the partition that formed the cabin — two feet eight inches of room. There she lay, while her inhuman master, almost certain she was on board the vessel, had it smoked with sulphur and tobacco three times over. Still she bore it. She came North, half frozen, in the most inclement month of the year — this month. She reached Boston just able to crawl. Where did she come? O, those were better times then! She came here. Just able to stand, fresh from that baptism of suffering for liberty, she came *here*. We told her story. And with us that night — within ten feet of where I stand — sat Frederika Bremer, the representative of the literature of the old world; her humane sympathies were moved so much, that the rose bud she held in her hand, she sent (honoring me by sending it by my hand) to the first representative of American Slavery she had seen. It was the tribute of Europe's heart and intellect to a heroine of the black race, in Faneuil Hall. Times have changed since. Not to speak of the incense which Miss Bremer has, half ignorantly, I hope, laid on the demon altar of our land, it would not be safe to put that Betsey Blakeley on this platform to-night; it would not be safe for her to appear in a public meeting. What has changed this public opinion? I wish it was some single man. I wish it was some official of the city, that so we could make him the scapegoat of public indignation, let him carry it forth, and thus the fair fame of our city be freed. This, Mr. President, brings me to my subject. The resolutions I wish to speak to are these. I think they ought to be read in Faneuil Hall, at this, the first meeting the Abolitionists have held here since the foul deed of April 12th disgraced the city. I feel that these peddling hucksters of State and Milk Streets owe me full atonement for the foul dishonor they have brought upon the city of my birth.

Resolved, That, as citizens of Boston and the Commonwealth, we record our deep disapprobation and indignant protest against the surrender of Thomas Sims by the City, its sanction of the cowardly and lying policy of the police, its servile and volunteer zeal in behalf of the man-hunters, and its deliberate, wanton and avowed violation of the laws of the Commonwealth, for the basest of all purposes — Slave-trading, selling a free man into bondage, that State street and Milk street might make money.

Next we come to that man who stood at yonder door, looking on, while GEORGE THOMPSON was mobbed from this platform; who, neither an honorable Mayor nor a gentleman, broke at once his oath of office and his promise as a gentleman, to give us this Hall, for certain eighty dollars, to be paid him, and when he had stood by and seen us mobbed out of it, thought he mended his character by confessing his guilt, in not daring to send in a bill!

Resolved, That the circumstances of the case will not allow us to believe that this infamous deed was the act of the City Government merely; and then, as Boston-born men, some of us, comforting ourselves in the reflection, that the fawning sycophant who disgraced the Mayor's chair was not born on the peninsula whose fair fame he blotted; but all the facts go to show, that in this, as in all his life, he was only the easy and shuffling tool of the moneyed classes, and therefore too insignificant to be remembered with any higher feeling than contempt.

Resolved, That we cherish a deep and stern indignation towards the judges of the Commonwealth, who, in personal cowardice, pitiful subserviency, utter lack of official dignity, and entire disregard of their official oaths, witnessed, in silence, the violation of laws they were bound to enforce, and disgraced the Bench once honored by the presence of a Sedgwick and a Sewall.

I do not forget that the Church, all the while this melancholy scene was passing, stood by and upheld a merciless people in the execution of an inhuman law, accepted the barbarity, and baptized it "Christian duty." O, no, I do not forget this. But I remember that, in an enterprising, trading city like ours, the merchants are full as much, if not more, responsible for the state of public opinion, than the second-rate men who rather occupy, than fill, our pulpits, and who certainly seldom tempt the brains of their hearers to violate the command of the Jewish Scriptures, "Thou shalt not do any work on the Sabbath day."

Do you ask why the Abolitionists denounce the traders of Boston? It is because the merchants chose to send back THOMAS SIMS — pledged their individual aid to Marshal TUKEY, in case there should be any resistance; it is because the merchants did it to make money. Thank God, they have not made any! (Great cheering.) Like the negro who went to hear Whitefield, and rolled in the dust in the enthusiasm of his religious excitement, until they told him it was *not* Whitefield, when he picked himself up, crying out, "Then I dirty myself for nothing." So they dirtied themselves for nothing! (Tremendous cheering.) If Slavehunting only can save them, may bankruptcy sit on the ledger of every one of those fifteen hundred scoundrels who offered Marshal TUKEY their aid! (Tumultuous applause.)

There is one thing to be rejoiced at — it is this: the fact that the police of this city did not dare even to arrest a Fugitive Slave, calling him such. The dogs of Marshal TUKEY that arrested THOMAS SIMS in Richmond Street had to disguise themselves to do it, — dressed in the costume and called themselves watchmen; and told a lie — that the arrest was for theft, — in order to keep peace in the street, while they smuggled him into the carriage. Claim, for the honor of Boston, that when her police became manhunters, they put

their badges in their pockets, and lied, lest their prey should be torn from their grasp, in the first burst of popular indignation. It was the first time in Boston — I hope it will be the last — that the laws were obliged to be executed by lying and behind bayonets, in the night. So much, though it be very little, may still be said for Boston, — that SIMS was arrested by lying and disguised policemen; he was judged by a Commissioner who sat behind bayonets; and was carried off in the gray of the morning, after the moon set, and before the sun rose, by a police body armed with swords. She was disgraced, but it was by force; while, the reverse of the Roman rule, *cedant arma togæ*, the robe gave way to the sword. The law was executed; but it was behind bayonets. Such laws do not last long. (Loud cheers.) Courts that sit behind chains, seldom sit more than once. (Renewed cheering.)

[A Voice — "The Whigs defend it."]

O, I know that Mr. CHOATE has been here, — I heard him, and before a Whig caucus, defend the policy of the Fugitive Slave Bill. He told us, while I sat in the gallery, of the "infamous ethics" — the "*infamous ethics*, that, from the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount deduced the duty of immediate emancipation." The sentiment was received, I am thankful to say, with a solemn silence, though RUFUS CHOATE uttered it to an assembly of Webster Whigs. I heard it said to-day, that the Abolitionists had done nothing, because a Fugitive, within the last twelve months, had been taken out of Boston. They have done a great deal, since, sixteen or seventeen years ago, PELEG SPRAGUE, standing on this platform, pointed to that portrait, [the portrait of Washington,] and called him "that Slaveholder." It is not now considered a merit in Washington that he held Slaves; men apologize for it now. I stood in this hall, sixteen years ago, when "Abolitionist" was linked with epithets of contempt, in the silver tones of OTIS, and all the charms that a divine eloquence and most felicitous diction could throw around a bad cause were given it; the excited multitude seemed actually ready to leap up beneath the magic of his speech. It would be something, if one must die, to die by such a hand; a hand somewhat worthy and able to stifle Anti-Slavery, if it could be stifled. The orator was worthy of the gigantic task he attempted; and thousands crowded before him, every one of their hearts melted in the glowing enthusiasm of that eloquence, beneath which Massachusetts had bowed, not unworthily, for more than thirty years. I came here again this last fall. It was the first time that I had been present since at a Whig meeting. I found RUFUS CHOATE on the platform. Compared with the calm grace and dignity of OTIS, the thought of which came rushing back, he struck me like a monkey in convulsions. (Roars of laughter and cheers.) Alas, I said, if the party that has owned Massachusetts so long, which spoke to me, as a boy, through the lips of QUINCY and SULLIVAN, of WEBSTER and OTIS, has sunk down to the miserable sophistry of this mountebank! — and I felt proud of the city of my birth, as I looked over the murmuring multitude beneath me, on whom his spasmodic chatter fell like a wet blanket. (Great laughter and cheering.) He did not dare to touch a second time on the Fugitive Slave Bill. He tried it once, with his doctrine of "infamous ethics," and the men

were as silent as the pillars around them. Ah, thought I, *we* have been here a little too often before; and if we have not impressed the seal of our sentiments very deeply on the people, they have at least learned that immediate emancipation, though possibly it be a dream, is not "infamous ethics;" and that such doctrine, the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount, need more than the flashy rhetoric of a Webster retainer to tear them asunder. (Great cheering.)

The judges of the Commonwealth — the judges of the Commonwealth — I have something to say of them. I wish sometimes we lived in England, and I will tell you why. Because John Bull has some degree of self-respect left. There is an innate, dogged obstinacy in him, that would never permit the successors of a HALE, a BULLER, a MANSFIELD, or a BROUGHAM, to stoop beneath any chain that a City Constable could put round Westminster Hall. I was once a member of the profession myself, but glad I am so no longer, since the head of it has bowed his burly person to FRANCIS TUKEY'S chain. (Cheers.) Did he not know that he was making history that hour, when the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth entered his own Court, bowing down like a criminal beneath a chain four feet from the soil? Did he not know that he was the author of that decision which shall be remembered when every other case in Pickering's Reports is lost, declaring the Slave MED a free woman the moment she sat foot on the soil of Massachusetts, and that he owed more respect to himself and his own fame, than to disgrace the ermine by passing beneath a chain? There is something in emblems. There is something, on great occasions, even in the attitude of a man. Chief Justice SHAW betrayed the Bench and the Courts of the Commonwealth, and the honor of a noble profession, when for any purpose, still less for the purpose of enabling GEORGE T. CURTIS to act his melancholy farce in peace, he crept under a chain into his own court room. And besides, what a wanton and gratuitous insult it was! What danger was there, with two hundred men inside the Court House, and three hundred men around it on the sidewalk? Near five hundred sworn policemen in and around that building — what need for any chain? It was put there in wanton insult to the feelings of the citizens of Boston, nothing else; — in wanton servility to the Slave Power, nothing else; — in wanton flattery to DANIEL WEBSTER. Yes, it was the gratuitousness of the insult that makes it all the more unbearable! And the "old chief," as we loved to call him, made himself, in timid servility, party to the insult and the degradation. How truly American! Ah, our Slave system by no means exists only on Southern plantations!

We are said to be unreasonable in this manner of criticising the institutions, laws and men of our country. It is thought that, as little men, we are bound to tune our voices and bow our heads to the great intellects, as they are called, of the land — Mr. WEBSTER and others. He tells us, that there are certain important interests concerned in this question, which we are bound to regard, and not abstract theories about the equality of men, and the freedom of humble individuals. Well, all I say to that is, when dollars are to be discussed, let him discuss them with FRANKLIN HAVEN, in

the directors' room of the Merchants Bank. Let him discuss them over the bursting ledgers of Milk street — that is the place for dollar talks. But there is no room for dollars in Faneuil Hall. The idea of liberty is the great fundamental principle of this spot; — that a man is worth more than a bank vault. (Loud cheers.)

I know Mr. WEBSTER has, on various occasions, intimated that this is not statesmanship in the United States; that the cotton mills of Lowell, the schooners of Cape Cod, the coasters of Marblehead, the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania, and the business of Wall street, are the great interests which this government is framed to protect. He intimated, all through the recent discussion, that property is the great element this government is to stand by and protect — the test by which its success is to be appreciated. Perhaps it is so; perhaps it is so; and if the making of money, if ten per cent. a year, if the placing of one dollar on the top of another, be the highest effort of human skill; if the answer to the old Puritan catechism — "What is the chief end of man" — is to be changed, as, according to modern State craft it ought to be, why, be it so. Nicholas, of Russia, made a catechism for the Poles, in which they are taught that Christ is next below God, and the Emperor of all the Russias is next below Christ. So, judging by the tenor of his recent speeches, DANIEL has got a catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" The old one of the Wesminster divines, of SELDEN and HUGH PETERS, of COTTON and the MATHERS, used to answer, "To glorify God and enjoy him forever;" that is KANE-treason now. The "chief end of man?" why, it is to save the Union!

A VOICE. — "Three cheers for the Union!"

Mr. PHILLIPS. — Feeble cheers those! — (Great applause) — and a very thankless office it is to defend the Union on that lay. Did you ever read the fable of the wolf that met the dog? The one was fat, the other gaunt and famine struck. The wolf said to the dog, "You are very fat." "Yes," replied the dog, "I get along very well at home." "Well," said the wolf, "could you take me home?" "O, certainly." So they trotted along together; but as they neared the house, the wolf caught sight of several ugly scars on the neck of the dog, and stopping, cried, "Where did you get those scars on your neck; they look very sore and bloody?" "O," said the dog, "they tie me up at night, and I have rather an inconvenient iron collar on my neck. But that's a small matter; they feed me well." "On the whole," said the wolf, "taking the food and the collar together, I prefer to remain in the woods." Now, if I am allowed to choose, I do not like the collar of DANIEL WEBSTER and Parson DEWEY, and there are certain ugly scars I see about their necks. I should not like, Dr. DEWEY, to promise to return my mother to Slavery; and, Mr. WEBSTER, I prefer to be lean and keep my "prejudices," to getting fat by smothering them. I do not like your idea of the Yankee character, which seems to be too near that of the Scotsman, of whom Dr. JOHNSON said that if he saw a dollar on the other side of hell, he would make a spring for it at the risk of falling in. (Laughter.) Under correction of these great statesmen and divines, I cannot think this the *beau ideal* of human perfection. I do not care whether the

schooners of Harwich, under Slaveholding bunting, catch fish and keep them or not; I do not care whether the mills of Abbot Lawrence make him worth two millions or one; whether the iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania are profitable or not, if in order to have them profitable, we must go down on our marrow bones and thank Daniel Webster for saving his Union, call Mayor Bigelow an honorable man and Mayor, and acknowledge Francis Tukey as Chief Justice of the Commonwealth. I prefer hunger and the woods to the hopeless task of maintaining the sincerity of Daniel Webster, or bending under the chain of Francis Tukey. (Tremendous cheering.)

Sir, I have something to say of this old Commonwealth. I went up one day into the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts, in which the Otises, the Quincys, and the Adamses, Parsons and Sedgwick, Sewall and Strong, have sat and spoke in times gone by; in which the noblest legislation in the world, on many great points of human concern, has made her the noblest State in the world, — the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — and I stood there to see this impudent City Marshal tell the Senate of Massachusetts that he knew he was trampling on the laws of the Commonwealth, and that he intended to, so long as cotton-born and bought Mayors told him to do so! And there was not spirit enough in the Free Soil party, — no, nor in the Democratic party, — there was not self-respect enough in the very Senators who were sworn to maintain these laws, to defend them against this insolent boast of a City Constable. Now, fellow-citizens, you may, and probably do, think me a fanatic; till you judge men and things on different principles, I do not care much what you think me; I have outgrown that interesting anxiety, — but I tell you this, if I see the Commonwealth upside down, I mean to keep my neck free enough from collars to say so; and I think it is upside down when a City Constable dictates law in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. President, let me add one thing more. For Francis Tukey, I have no epithet of contempt, or of indignation. He may, and does, for aught I know, perform his duties as City Marshal efficiently and well. I know he would, had he been present, have done his duty, and his Deputy stood ready to do it that night in George Thompson's presence, if we had really had a Mayor, and not an old woman in the Mayor's chair. (Great laughter and cheering.) I find little fault, comparatively, with the City Marshal of Boston, that he did the infamous duty which the merchants of Boston set him. The fault I rather choose to note is that the owner of the brig Acorn can walk up State Street, and be as honored a man as he was before; that John H. Pearson walks our streets as erect as ever, and no merchant shrinks from his side. But we will put the fact that he owned that brig, and the infamous use he made of it, so blackly on record, that his children — yes, his children, — would gladly, twenty years hence, forego all the wealth he will leave them, to blot out that single record. (Enthusiastic applause.) The time shall come when it will be thought the unkindest thing in the world for any one to remind the son of that man, that his father's name was John H. Pearson, and that he owned the Acorn. (Renewed cheering.)

[At this point a voice called out, "Three cheers for JOHN H. PEARSON." After what had been said from the platform, such a call was not likely to be very warmly responded to; but one or two voices were raised, and Mr. PHILLIPS continued.]

Yes, it is fitting that the cheer should be a poor one, when, in the presence of that merchant, [pointing to the portrait of JOHN HANCOCK] of that merchant, who led the noblest movement for civil liberty ever made on this side the ocean, when, in his presence, you attempt to cheer the miserable carrier of Slaves, who calls himself, and alas! according to the present average of State Street, has a right to call himself, a Boston merchant.

I want to remark one other change, since we were shut out of Faneuil Hall. It is this: Within a few months, I stood in this Hall, when CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS was on the platform; — a noble representative, a worthy son, let me say in passing, of the two ADAMSES that hung here above him. While here he had occasion to mention the name of DANIEL WEBSTER, as I have once or twice to-night, and it was received with cheer on cheer, four, five and six times repeated during the course of his speech. In fact, he could hardly go on for the noisy opposition. That was at a time when some men were crazy enough to think that DANIEL would yet be nominated for the Presidency; but those gaudy soap bubbles have all burst. ["Three cheers for DANIEL WEBSTER."] Yes, three cheers for Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, who, all his life long has been bowing down to the Slave Power to secure the Presidency; willing to sacrifice his manhood for the *promise* of a mess of pottage, and destined to be outwitted at last. (Cheers.) Three cheers for the man who, after "many great and swelling words" against Texas, when finally the question of the Mexican war was before the Senate, did not dare to vote, but dodged the question, afraid to be wholly Southerner or Northerner, and striving, in vain, to outdo WINTHOP in facing both ways. (Cheers.) Three cheers for the man who went into Virginia, and under an "October sun" of the Old Dominion, pledged himself — the recreant New Englander! — to silence on the Slave question; a pledge infamous enough in itself, but whose infamy was doubled when he broke it only to speak against the Slave on the seventh of March, 1850. Three cheers for him! [They were given, but so faintly, that a shout of derision went up from the whole audience.] Three cheers for the statesman who said on the steps of the Revere House, that "this Agitation must be put down," and the Agitationists have entered Faneuil Hall before him. (Great applause.) Three cheers for the man who could afford no better name to the Abolitionists than "rub-a-dub Agitators," till KOSSUTH found no method but theirs to chain the millions to himself; and then this far-sighted statesman discovered that "there were people inclined to underrate the influence of public opinion." (Cheers.) Three cheers for the man who gave the State a new motive to send HORACE MANN back to Washington, lest we should be thought guilty abroad of shocking bad taste in the old Imperial tongue of the Romans. (Cheers.) Three cheers for the man — (O, I like to repeat the Book of Daniel) — three cheers for "the Whig — the Massachusetts Whig —

the Faneuil Hall Whig," who came home to Massachusetts — his own Massachusetts, the State he thought he owned, body and soul — that came home to Massachusetts, and lobbied so efficiently as to secure the election of CHARLES SUMNER to the Senate of the United States. (Loud cheers.)

A Voice — "Three cheers for CHARLES SUMNER." (Overwhelming applause.) ["Three cheers for WEBSTER."]

Mr. PHILLIPS continued — I do not know that I care, Mr. Chairman, which way the balance of cheers goes in respect to the gentleman whose name has just been mentioned [Mr. WEBSTER.] It is said, you know, that when Washington stood before the surrendering army of Cornwallis, some of the American troops, as Cornwallis came forward to surrender his sword, began, in very bad taste, to cheer. The noble Virginian turned to them and said, "Let posterity cheer for us;" and they were silent. Now, if DANIEL WEBSTER has done anything on the subject of Slavery which posterity will not have the kindness to forget, may he get cheers for it, fifty years hence, and in this Hall; using my Yankee privilege, however, "I rather guess" some future D'Israeli will be able to put that down in continuation of his grandfather's chapter of "Events that never took place." I much, I very much doubt, whether, fifty years hence, Massachusetts will not choose men with back bones to send to Washington; not men who go there to yield up, to the great temptations, social and political, of the capital, the distinctive interests of Massachusetts and New England. I believe, no matter whether the Abolitionists have done much or little, that the average of political independence has risen within the last ten or fifteen years. I know that strange sounds have been heard from the House of Representatives and the Senate within the last ten or fifteen years: that the old tone so often breathed there of Northern submission has very much changed since JOHN QUINCY ADAMS vindicated free speech on the floor of that House. I read just now a speech worthy, in some respects, of Faneuil Hall, from the lips of ROBERT RANTOUL, in rebuke of a recreant Abolitionist from the banks of the Connecticut — [GEORGE T. DAVIS.] I know not what may be the future course of Mr. RANTOUL on this question; I know not how erect he may stand hereafter; but I am willing to give him good credit in the future, so well paid has been this his first bill of exchange. (Great cheering.) He has done, at least, his duty to the constituency he represented. He looked North for his instructions. The time has been when no Massachusetts representative looked North; we saw only their backs. They have always looked to the Southern Cross; they never turned their eyes to the North Star. They never looked back to the Massachusetts that sent them. CHARLES ALLEN and HORACE MANN, no matter how far they may be from the level of what we call Anti-Slavery, show us at least this cheering sign. While speaking, they have turned their faces toward Massachusetts. They reflect the public opinion of the State they represent. They look to Faneuil Hall, not to "the October sun of the Old Dominion." Now, Mr. Chairman, if we can come to this Hall, year after year; if we can hold these meetings; if we can sustain any amount of ridicule for the sake of Anti-Slavery; if we can fill yonder State House with legislative action that shall vindicate

the old fame of the State; if we can fill every town house and school house in the State with Anti-Slavery agitation, then the eyes of every caucus and every political meeting, and of Congress, will all turn North, and, God willing, they shall see a North worth looking at. We will have better evidence than the somewhat apocryphal assurance of Mr. WEBSTER, at Marshfield, in '48, that the North Star is at last discovered. There will not only be a shrine, but worshippers. (Cheers.)

I have not the voice to detain this meeting any longer. I am rejoiced to find myself again in Faneuil Hall, and am glad it has so happened that the very first meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, since April 12th, 1851, has been within these walls, and that the first note of their rebuke of the City Government, and of the Milk Street interest whose servant it stooped to be, has been from the platform of Faneuil Hall. (Applause.)

Sidney D. Greene 1/5 1927
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(June, 1889, 20,000)

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